Budget

Pacman is icily invoked by quarters in the sealed
arcade. My mind reprises tunes that wheezed
the horses round ago, grin-

ning gauds plunging and rising
through lowtide gas and reedy
memory. And all that seaside stink

as raunchy as the nickel whores
who danced from frame to frame
within the hot machines, wave-

ing lascivious heat to heat
flinging off the merry-go-

round when my mind's eye blazed
for smaller change.

The electrons fly about
in colors of their own,
sudden and unreal.